Merry-Go-Roundelays

Edward Anthony

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Merry-Go-Roundelays

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By

Edward Anthony

"And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky."
A. E. Housman

New York
The Century Co.
1921

PS 3501
.N7M5
1921

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SEP 22 1921

$1.50

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For permission to reprint most of the poems contained in this volume, the author is indebted to the editors of *Harper's Magazine*, *Life*, *Judge*, *The New York Herald*, *The New York Evening Post* and *The New York Tribune*.

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MERRY-GO-ROUNDELAYS

I WORK on a merry-go-round,
Contributing sound
To the jolly band.
I play on a battered lyre,
Minus a wire,
At your command.

There's a horse (and he doesn't need hay)—
A brown or a grey,
For each of us.
Though I ride him poorly, mine
Is a nag divine——
Old Pegasus!

A HARDWARE ROMANCE

LUELLA Loranna O'Shaughnessy Firth
Is a clerk in a hardware store,
Where she sells pots and dishes and bowls for gold-
fishes,
And dozens of articles more,

Like mouse-traps and razors and skillets and bolts,
Shovels and wrenches and forks,
Harrows and hillers, potato-bug killers,
Pump-handles and beer-bottle corks.

(The enumeration of which you may think
Decidedly needless and queer,
But I don't agree, for it seems to me
That a poem needs Atmosphere.)

Ricardo Persimmons O'Callaghan Wright
Is the utterly sprucest of males.
He enters the place for to purchase a case
Of unbendable hand-made nails.

A Hardware Romance

(Either that or a ball of unshrinkable twine,
Or a saw or a barrel of pitch,—
Or was it an axe or a package of tacks?
I've completely forgotten which.)

Be that as it may, he enters the store,
(Of *that* I am perfectly sure)
And his heart is gone when he gazes upon
That sweetest of maids, the demure

Luella Loranna O'Shaughnessy Firth,
The most beautiful hardware clerk
He ever has met, an engaging brunette
With a smile (or is it a smirk?)

That has the effect, as I've hinted before,
Of setting Ricardo awhirl,
(As sometimes occurs when a maiden purrs)
And soon he is telling the girl

Of his prospects in Life and his Favorite Book,
And his Love for Beautiful Things,
While Luella smiles and the time beguiles
With dreaming of solitaire rings.

Orlando Themistocles Perkins O'Day
Is the boss of the hardware store;

A Hardware Romance

These billings and cooings and general doings
Must vex the old gentleman, for

He hollers—or, rather, he shouts in a huff,
("Hollers" is vulgar, I think),
"Luella, stop shirking, it's time you were working,
Quit flirting with that there gink!"

"Have you anything nice in a hammer, miss?"
Says Ricardo with wonderful guile;
And the grumpy old boss is no longer cross,
In fact, he commences to smile.

Having purchased the hammer, Ricardo resumes
His wooing of lovely Luella.
He stays there for hours; the boss again glowers
And curtly announces, "Young fella,

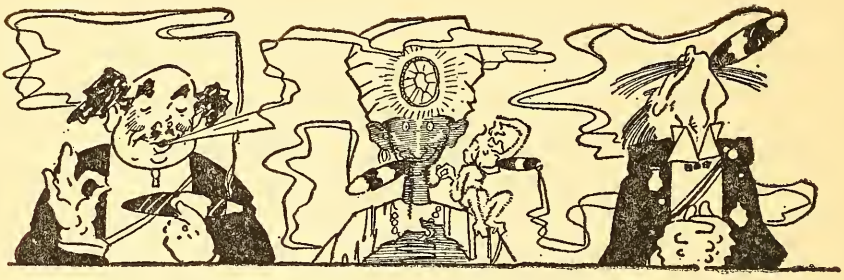
"This isn't a lounging-room, kindly vamoose!"
Serenely Ricardo then
Says, "Lady, I wish a nice chafing-dish,"
And the owner is smiling again!

And again Ricardo is courting the maid,
And whenever the boss complains
He purchases something (however a bum thing)
And pretty soon nothing remains.

A Hardware Romance

In the store that Ricardo does not own,
And he turns to the boss and declares,
"I have bought you out! Now vanish, old lout!"
The proprietor, saying his pray'rs,

Makes a grab for his hat and in terror departs.
The lovers emit a "Hooray!"
And kiss once or twice, or it may have been thrice,
And that is the end of my lay!



CIGAR BANDITS

The Belgian Government has presented to the League of Nations a bill for cigars amounting to 80,000 francs. The bill says: "These cigars were smoked or carried off by members of the various delegations at the Spa Conference." —News Item.

THE delegate from Argentine,
The one from Transylvania,
The gen-tle-man from Hindustan,
The member from Roumania;

The representative from Spain,
The deputy Vesuvian,
The guy who hails from New South Wales,
The diplomat Peruvian;

Cigar Bandits

The emissary Portuguese,
  The personage Sicilian,
The delegate from Congo State,
  The dignitary Chilean—

They puffed a lot of fine cigars,
  Did these and other folks,
And Belgium read the bill and said,
  (No kidding) "Holy smokes!

"I guess they think we're millionaires,
  They went and smoked our best
And when they left, in manner deft,
  They went and swiped the rest!

"We'd gladly buy the world's cigars
  If we but had the metal,
But we are broke and other folk
  That bill will have to settle."

I'm sorry for the Belgians, but
  I think that indignation
Will get 'em naught, I think they ought
  To try cigarbitration!

AN OVERWORKED UNDERSTUDY'S TRIBUTE TO JULY

MONTH of July, I pine for thee
As for no other month I pine.
The boundless joy thou meanst to me
Thou never, never canst divine.

In fervent homage do I bow
To thee and for thy blessing give
A thankful prayer; for not till thou
Comest do I begin to live.

'Tis not the glory of thy days,
(Though glorious, indeed, they are.)
That bringeth forth this song of praise,
'Tis something that to me is far

More consequential; thy début
Each summer is the trumpet-call
That tells me I don't have to do
Friend Sister's lessons till next fall.

THE MOVIE-HATERS

SUPERIOR beings, how they sneer
When movies are the theme.
Mention Miss Pickford and they jeer,
There's not a star they deem

Worthy of praise, or photoplay
At which they do not balk.
How do the critters get that way?
I'm weary of their talk.

O Movies! I am different, I
Am mindful that you bring
Real blessings; till the day I die
Your praises I shall sing.

You keep my family out at night
Where they can't bother me
When that I sit me down to write
My deathless poetry.

REMONSTRATION

Looking glasses removed from elevators in Bank of Commerce Building because males block doors to admire themselves.—N. Y. Sun.

INFAMOUS libel! I protest!
Who says that man is vain?
I'll slay the author of that jest!
The fellow is insane!—
Attributing to man, who's shy,
Conceit and self-devotion,
Because he stops to fix his tie.
Well, what a silly notion!

Why, I myself—and I'm a guy
Who's modest as can be—

Remonstration

Whene'er a gum-machine is nigh,
  Gaze in the glass to see
Whether I'm tidy; business men
  Have got to, or they'll rue it.
It isn't quite the same as when
  Those fussy women do it!

A story like the one above
  Can do a lot of harm
By spreading false impressions of
  Us men, whose greatest charm
Is modesty. It isn't fair
  That man should thus be treated.
Why, soon some folks will think that there
  Are men who are conceited!

AT THE HEIGHT OF A CERTAIN CRAZE

HOUDINI can wriggle his way out of chains,
He laughs at a straitjacket, too,
He can slip out of handcuffs without any pains,
There isn't a thing he can't do
In this line, but I'm betting a bottle of grape,
Or a hat, or a couple of shirts,
That Mr. Houdini can never escape
From one of those funny tight skirts!

THE ADVERTISERS' MOTHER GOOSE

THERE was a man in our town (20 minutes
from Broadway; up-to-date schools, low
taxes, etc.) and he, having attended Forest's Busi-
ness College, was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out
both his Perfection Brand Glass Eyes.

. . . . . .

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman
Going to The Apollo Movie Palace ("Fate's
Doormat" now showing).
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me have one of your FEATHER KRUST
lemon meringues."

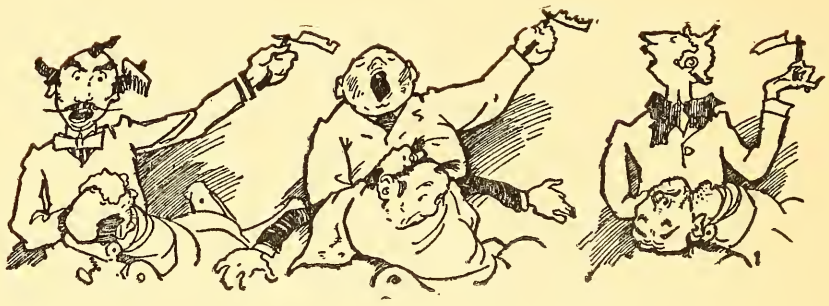
. . . . . .

The Advertisers' Mother Goose

LITTLE Bo Peep has lost her sheep,
And doesn't know where to find them.
But she should worry! her property will be returned to her
In tomorrow morning's mail if she telephones
THE INFALLIBLE DETECTIVE AGENCY,
Murray Hill 89,000,
Before six o'clock tonight.

TRIOLET

NIBBLE, when the days are hot,
Triolettuce salad.
Something light that hits the spot
Nibble, when the days are hot,
Sitting in a shady grot
Carolling a ballad.
Nibble, when the days are hot,
Triolettuce salad!



THE GAY YOUNG SHAVERS

Students at barbers' school have regular college yells.—News Item.

I STEPPED into a barber shop
To have my locks removed,
An act of mine which I opine
The barbers all approved,
For as I sat me in the chair
This joyous chorus rent the air:

Sharpest razors! finest lather!
Here the better people gather!
There's no waiting! Rah! rah! rah!
Twenty barbers! Sis! boom! a-ah!

The Gay Young Shavers

In silence did the barber work,
  Nary a word said he,
Until in joy I thought, "Oh boy!
  I'm dreaming! This can't be!
He doesn't even say, 'Fine weather!' "
And then ten barbers yelled together:

Pleasant day! The air is bracing!
No more rainy days we're facing!
Makes you cheerful, don't it, hey?
Lovely weather! Ray! ray! ray!

At last the barber's work was done
  And I stepped off the chair
And paid my check and said, "By heck,
  The man who cuts my hair
Deserves a tip; here, have a dime,"
And here is what I heard this time:

Piker! piker! stingy miser!
You're no kid! Why ain't you wiser?
Don't you know a dime's no tip?
Tightwad! tightwad! hip! hip! hip!

CONCERNING OFFICE BOYS

IF you would win your office boy,
Make it your business to deco
The lad into believing that
The only thoughts beneath your hat
Are thoughts of baseball and of scrapping.
Tell him the way The Babe's been slapping
The pill has filled your life with pleasure,
And praise Jack Dempsey, for good measure.
Then, for additional effect,
A monument to Cobb erect;
And gravely vow ('twill have no slight weight)
That Leonard is no piker lightweight.
You might toss in the observation
That this is the most athletic nation,
As proven by the Belgian games.
(Mention Foss, Ryan and other names.)
These thoughts and others just as sage
Will prove you read the sporting page,
And he'll be glad to work for you
Until his place in heaven is due.

That's what I thought until one day
I heard my office urchin say
To Simpson's boy, his favorite crony,
"I like my boss, he's all right, on'y
He don't know nothin' but sportin' stuff,
I'm sick of hearin' that there guff.
I'm gonna chuck him soon's I can
And look for work with some smart man."

BALLADE OF INDIGESTION

I WHO have specialized in spuds and steak,
By way of victualage, since three or four,
Gasp when I see a lovely lady take
Her lunch in some apothecary store,
And wonder, and shall wonder evermore,
What there can be (O mystery!) to tickle
Her palate in these items maids adore:
A soda and a cruller and a pickle.

When Henrietta, (what a bride she'd make!)
The young enchantress who resides next door,
Complains of—well, a little stomach ache
All solemnly the knowledge I deplore,
And tell her how the maids in days of yore
Unto their constitutions were less fickle,
Eschewing chow that evil record bore,
Like soda and a cruller and a pickle.

O heed my counsel for your family's sake!
Eat if you must, green apples to the core,
Consume a parrot or a pickled hake,

Ballade of Indigestion

Devour leaden biscuit by the score,
Aye, every one of Nature's rulings floor,
Let moonshine whisky down your thorax trickle,
Do anything you please, so you ignore
A soda and a cruller and a pickle.

L'ENVOI:

Prince, cast me on your darksome isle ashore,
Life on this planet isn't worth a nickel,
For I have downed—and, oh, my days are o'er!—
A soda and a cruller and a pickle!

SPECULATION

Train travelers can spend their time interestingly by trying to figure out the occupations of their fellow travelers.
—News Story.

THE gentleman beaming and fat,
With the cane and the silken cravat,
And the spats and the ten-dollar hat,
Is a banker, I'll bet.

The girl with the riotous socks
(Vermilion, with lavender clocks)
Is an actress,—she plays in the stocks—
On that I am set.

The person away in the rear,
With the very much amplified ear,

Speculation

And the optic all puffy and queer,
  Is a boxer, I'd say.

The lad who is reading in bliss
That copy of "All for a Kiss,"
Is a messenger boy, or I miss.
  There's no doubting it, nay.

The chap with the faraway stare,
Who never stops smoothing his hair,
Who's carrying flowers, I dare
  Say, is somebody's beau.

The fellow whose shoes need a shine,
Whose apparel is seedy; in fine,
Whose appearance is something like mine,
  Is a poet I know!

CONCERNING A MAIDEN

THOUGH a poet untalented I
And pallid the lyrics I write,
I am going (rash fellow!) to try
A poem to Sue to indite.

(If you doubt I am lacking in skill,
The stanza above re-peruse,
And you'll note—all observant folk will—
The needless profusion of "to's".)

Need I say, as is frequently done,
That her eyes are Like Stars—need I tell
That her hair's like the gold of the sun?
On the curve of her mouth need I dwell?

Need I say, to be brief, that the girl
Is a beauty sans blemish or taint?
A—to coin an expression—a pearl?
No, I needn't. The reason: she ain't.

ZOOLOGICAL DOINGS

Elephants, oxen and other animals dream, asserts naturalist.—News Item.

Chorus of Elephants Rocking Their Children to Sleep:

SLEEP, little elephants, sleep,
Roll over and close your eyes,
For the pachyderms who keep
Late hours, aweary rise.
Dream, little elephants, dream,
As healthy elephants should,
Of the days to be when you'll fly with me
To our home in the Indian wood!

Chorus of Baby Elephants:

First tell us a Bedtime Story,
As is the fashion these days,
With a moral or two, as humans do,
Showing that honesty pays.
Say, the story of Robert Rabbit
Who stole a carrot and learned

That his ill-gotten gain brought
nothing but pain
For everybody concerned.

Mrs. Ella Phant Undertakes to Tell Them a Story:

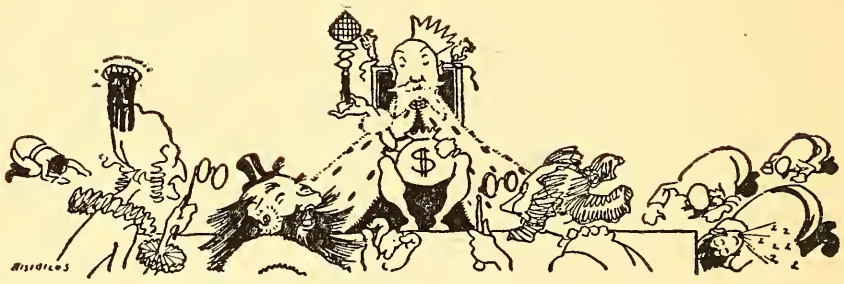
All right, I'll spin you a yarn, but a better one than that—
The story of Ivory Ike, who was slain by a Maltese cat.
Ivory Ike was a bad one, an elephant sour and cross,
There wasn't an animal living he didn't try to boss.
One day he met Maltese Mary, the nerviest cat I've known,
She was perched on top of a mango, chewing a turkey bone.
"Throw me that bone," Ike hollers. "You make me laugh," says she,
Which gets that elephant's goat, and he scrambles up that tree——

(Enter Keeper) The Keeper:

Enough of this prattle!
Climb into your beds
Or I promise to rattle
This stick on your heads!

(He extinguishes the lights)

And they went to sleep that instant and dreamt of
wonderful things,
Of a glorious elephant heaven where the pachyderms
have wings,
Where there are no sign-boards reading, "DON'T
FEED THE EL-E-PHANTS,"
And an animal can gobble whatever fortune grants,
Where there are no chains on the feet and a beast
can go for a walk,
And there are no keepers to growl when a fellow
wants to talk,
Where there's heaps and heaps of peanuts and "eat
your fill" is the code,
And an elephant, like our poets, can take to The
Open Road!



HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY

Hungary wants king. None but monarch can rule country, is belief of people. Worship of pomp still strong.—News Item.

REPUBLICS aren't bad at all, we thought of starting one,
But having a democracy is not a bit of fun.
It isn't colorful enough, we're very much afraid;
We want some dignitaries royal in purple robes arrayed.
We want a boss who wears a crown and sits upon a throne,
In other words, a government that has a little tone.

None but a king can rule us,
For a sovereign we beg

Hungarian Rhapsody

He needn't be much else if he
Has got a decent leg.
For monarchs wear knee breeches and their limbs must be correct,
Not but a man with shapely ones we're going to select!

We're reasonable people, we do not expect too much,
We do not ask a chief who knows astronomy and such,
Political economy, biology and Greek.
A guy who *looks* like something is the personage we seek—
A feller who can fence and dance and play upon the lute,
And cut a dashing figure in a pretty velvet suit.

A man of regal bearing
Is the person we'll endorse,
Whose blood is blue and also who
Looks handsome on a horse.
A ruler whose appearance isn't good upon a steed
Would never suit our citizens and fill our crying need!

CONCERNING MR. WILLIAM BINKS

WHENEVER Mr. William Binks
Would quarrel with his wife
He'd grab his hat and leave her flat
And run for all his life
Until he came to Mike's café
Where he would sit and brood,
And drinking late, he reached the state
That is commonly known as stewed.

Then prohibition came along
And wrinkled the nation's brow,
And soon (it was awful!) all booze was unlawful,
All liquor was seized, so that now

Whenever Mr. William Binks
Quarreleth with his wife
He grabs his hat and leaves her flat
And runs for all his life

Until he comes to Mike's café
Where he's wont to sit and brood,
And drink till late till he reaches the state
That is commonly known as stewed.

THE OLD-FASHIONED BALL PARK

OH, how I mourn for the vanished days
Of the Yankee baseball park,
Where I used to sing Jack Kleinow's praise
And in wonderment remark

The doings of Elberfeld at short
And of Chesbro on the mound.
Ah! those, my friends, were the days of sport,
The untrammeled bliss I found

At the old Yank field I cannot find
At the Polo Grounds at all;
And I say this not as a rap unkind
At the present-day brand of ball,

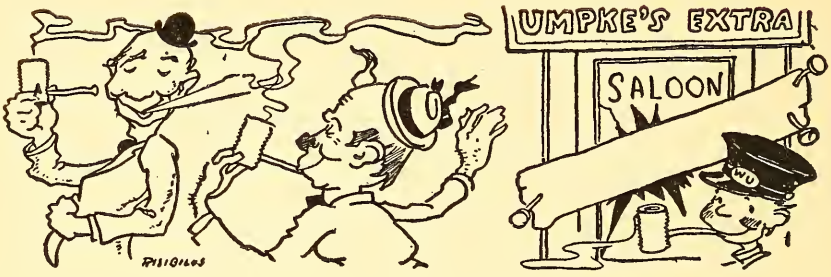
Which excels the old. And though this I yield
I stick to my preference
For the good old Yanks of the old Yank field
Where a feller could hop the fence!

WORLD SERIES YARN

SAYS I to a pal, "Are you gonna take in
The Big Series?" He putteth his hand
In his pocket and sighs, and there's tears in his eyes
As he says to me, "Here's how I stand:

"I've a dime to buy peanuts and also a card
On which to mark down all the plays,
And all would be nice as could be if the price
Of admission I only could raise.

" 'Tis more than a dime that I'll need for a seat
When them Giants and White Stockings play,
So I'll spend it on liquor and stand by the ticker
In Micky McFadden's café."



JOYOUS PIPING

The corn cob pipe is coming back.—News Note.

O LIMITLESS blessing
For thousands of folk!
O bringer of gladness and chaser
of sadness,
Wherever men smoke!

O item that heartens
A people forlorn!
O bliss without measure for
mortals who treasure
The pipe made of corn!

O rapturous tiding!
O wonderful news

Joyous Piping

That soon, I am betting, will
have us forgetting
The passing of booze!

Go ring all the church-bells!
Sound bugle and horn!
To-day is the day for to holler
hooray for
The pipe made of corn!

Do everything mirthful
And giddy and gay,
Ecstatic, oh-boy-ous, exuberant,
joyous,
Your glee to display.

I'd join you myself
In a minute, dear folk,
If I had any cause to give vent
to applause,
But, alas! I don't smoke!

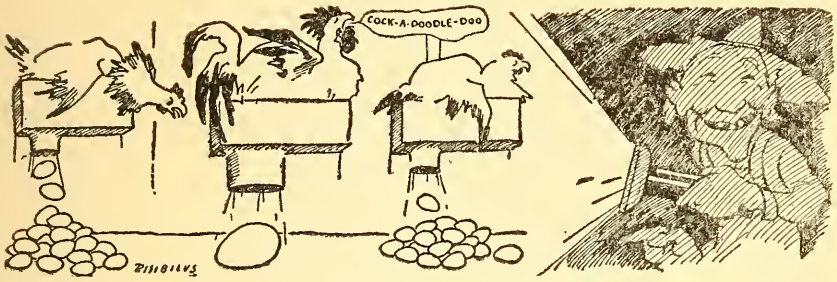
THE CONTENTS OF MY LADY'S HANDBAG

A POWDER magazine, a puff,
A handkerchief of lace,
(A gift from me—it cost enough
To fix a pennant race);

Some postage stamps all glued together,
A nickel and a dime,
A piece of useless ostrich feather,
Some "fruit" drops (flavor, lime);

A hairpin and a mirror and
A silver pencil, some
Vermilion rouge, a rubber band,
A stick of chewing gum;

A shoe horn and some peanut shells,
A street guide of the city,
Some smelling salts she never smells
And a clipping of this ditty!



CHICKEN YARN

Chickens fooled by scientific Long Islander. After dark he gets a flashlight, takes it out to the hen-house and flashes its rays on the sleeping chickens. They think it is daytime, wake up and commence to lay.—News Item.

IF you would make your chickens work,
  Don't feed 'em patent lotions,
Or fill their crops with pills and drops;
  Eschew these ancient notions.

Science with flaming torch in hand
  (Or flashlight, should I say?)
Advances now to show you how
  To make the critters lay.

Chicken Yarn

Go to the nearest hardware store
  And buy a little flashlight,
(You'll get one for a buck or more),
  And then proceed to splash light

At midnight on your leghorns and
  Your Plymouth Rocks and so forth;
They'll think it's day and right away
  A hundred eggs will flow forth!

(Instead of being serious,
  Were I a wag I'd say
You flash a light at dead of night,
  And quick's a flash they lay!)

Oh, thus have many wealthy grown,
  I mean it—cease the laughter.
You might do worse than heed my verse
  And shrewdly follow after.

TO A CHICAGO FRIEND

I'VE often said, when I have read
About your famous Chi.,
"I'd like to hand that city grand
My card before I die.

"Some day I'll crook a mileage book
And make the joyous trip"—
(The book alone I'd need. I own
Pajamas and a grip)—

"And folks back here for many a year
Shall gaze at me in awe
As I narrate the many great
And wondrous things I saw."

But now no more do I deplore
That on your well-known village
I ne'er have gazed. If it were razed,
I might go there for pillage,

But that is all would ever call
Me Chiward—here is why:

To a Chicago Friend

The other day, to my dismay,
I happened to espy

Within your most respected "POST"
A motion-picture ad.
About a show that months ago
I saw right here,* begad!

* Bullfrog-on-the-Raritan, N. J.

TOY MUSIC

HE'S there in the morn and he's there at night,
Peddling his toy violins,
A queer little raggedy whiskered wight,
Emblazoned with safety-pins.

He fiddles a tune for the passing throng
And nothing disturbs his poise,
Not even the silencing of his song
In the city's commotion and noise.

Oh, I've watched him play for a decade or more,
And though you hear never a sound,
He fiddles away in the rumble and roar,
Content, though the music be drowned.

No one can chase him, a license has he,
And, looking supernally wise,
He plays whatever the tune may be . . .
And sometimes a lady buys.

A toy musician I've also become,
I've a little toy lyre with strings,

Toy Music

And the noises I make as I strum and strum
Are drowned in the rush of things.

And as with the fiddler, no mortal can drive
Me away, though my playing be
A cacophonous kind of music, for I've
A poetical license, you see.

So I plink away on my little toy lyre,
It's wonderful exercise.
What more can a tupenny singer desire? . . .
And sometimes a customer buys.

THE GOLDEN AGE

Historians will never call this the Golden Age of Literature.—College Professor, in magazine article.

I AM a humble citizen
And hate to disagree
With obviously learned men,
And yet it seems to me
That college prof. is hardly fair,
His reasoning is queer,
For Harold Wright's a millionaire,
The Golden Age is here!

Professor, you don't know the facts,
You ought to read the news,

The Golden Age

Instead of dry and dusty tracts
  Devoid of any clues
To Modern Litrachoor and sich,
  And then you'd know, old dear,
That one Zane Grey is very rich,
  The Golden Age is here!

To contradict a man who knows
  A good deal more than I
Is insolence that, I suppose,
  Most people will decry,
Yet ere they lay me 'neath the sod
  I wish to make this clear:
George Barr McCutcheon has a wad,
  The Golden Age is here!

THE MODERN POET TO HIS LOVE

THE poems I sent you you coolly rejected,
You called 'em poor piping,
Not knowing that eight of the flaws you detected
Were errors in typing,
A science that ever for me has had terrors.
(O dark circumstance!)
You oughtn't to let typographical errors
Bust up a romance.

RONDODE TO MAY

SHE makes good fudge. Although I eat
Seldom of anything that's sweet,
Fudge, when the stuff is made by May
I munch with pleasure any day,
The make is one that can't be beat.

Bonbons (I'm not of the elite)
With less of pleasure do I greet
Than May's confection. Pass the tray!
She makes good fudge!

It's true the maiden has big feet,
It's true her hair is never neat,
It's true that rag-time makes her sway,
It's true that she's a perfect jay,
But these are trifles. I repeat,
She makes good fudge!

REMODEL THAT SUIT!

MOTHERS—Have us remodel father's or elder brother's out-grown clothing into a modish suit for your younger son.—Advertisement in English newspaper.

OH, do not throw those pants away!
Be thrifty, Mrs. Jones!
I know they've seen a better day
And that your husband owns
Another pair or two but, then,
Think of your little son.
He'll have a lovely outfit when
The renovator's done!

Fie on you! Mrs. Percy Root!
Oh, worst of all disgraces!
Throwing away that handsome suit
Because it's worn in places!

Remodel That Suit!

Go see The Salvage Tailors, where
For seven dollars, silly,
They'll make you (Guaranteed to Wear)
A Sunday suit for Willie!

Unselfish is this tattered bard
In helping this campaign,
For it is going to hit me hard,
And let me make it plain:
If folks stop throwing duds away
And save 'em, understand me,
When I go begging clothing, they
Won't have a thing to hand me!

AMBITION

OH, I am not a selfish guy,
Here's all that I desire:
Some candy-shop ablaze that I
May call a bonbonfire.

THE SUBWAY: LAND OF DEMOCRACY

HERE maidens democratic let
You sit upon their knees,
And whether rich or poor, you get
The onion-scented breeze.

O radicals and such like chaps
Who preach that ancient stuff—
"There's no democracy"—perhaps
You look not deep enough!

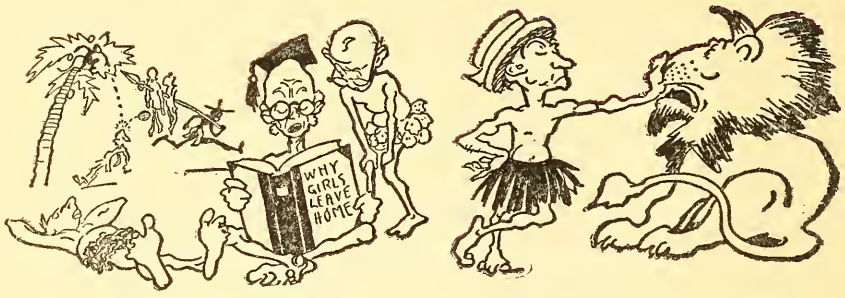
SUBWAY YARN

THE subway guard announced the street.
I did my best to hear him;
My failure being quite complete,
I ventured, coming near him:

"To foreign languages, good man,
I offer no objection;
But being plain American,
I have a predilection

"For English, sir; you might do worse
Than formally adopt it."
The subway guard began to curse,
And when at last he'd stopped it,

Said I, "You show great disrespect,
That's pretty talk to hand me!"
Said he, "How strange you should object
Since you can't understand me!"



DEAR MR. DISHER

A party of adventurers, headed by F. F. Rhodes Disher, fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, have decided to spend the rest of their lives on a tropical island away from excessive taxation. They will start for the South Seas in a schooner, the Medora.—News Item.

THE humble fedora I wear,
My shoes (I have only one pair),
The ties that with father I share
Are taxed (they're luxurious!)
The taxing of soda abides,
The taxing of pills and of rides,
And they're taxing my patience besides,
So, mister, I'm curious
To know if there's room on the boat

Dear Mr. Disher

For a sufferer minus a goat.
Say yes and I'll take off my coat
  And scrub all the decks, sir!
There's no huskier lad in the land,
There's no vessel I don't understand,
I'll work for the joy of it and
  I'll be handy in wrecks, sir.
And, oh, when that island you sight
And your passengers (bless 'em!) alight,
You'll need a young man who can fight,
  To keep off the savages.
And if lions attack, I'll elect
To see their ambitions are wrecked,
I'm a marksman and vow to protect
  You from animal ravages.
I'll cook for the party and sew,
I'll get up an amateur show,
I'll work like the devil! Let's go!
  Let me join your new nation!
You've a place in the steerage, you say?
Do I mind the discomfort? Nay! Nay!
I'll go get my baggage! Hooray
  For the end of taxation!

MARCH SONG

HO! for the winds of the month of March
That whistle through beam and rafter.
But a louder ho! I'll emit when they go
And the breezes of spring follow after.

BALLADE OF POTENTIAL POEMS

I CLOSE my desk and leave the town
For pleasures of the countryside,
Where nature wears an emerald gown,
(A bit of knowledge which I pride
Myself upon), where gaily glide
The butterflies o'er roses rare,
And nature's joyous whims provide
Potential poems everywhere.

It's true that poets of renown
Immortalized before they died
The items I am setting down,
But what of that? I'm gratified
To think that famous men descried
The beauties that I now declare,
Like posies that 'neath boulders hide
Potential poems everywhere.

No wonder that I cease to frown,—
A trout stream, look! (I'll have mine fried,

With new potatoes for a crown.)
Regard the cherry tree—a bride
Decked out in white. Ah! see, untied,
The cows, (they must be tame for fair,)
And hear the birds and their implied,
Potential poems, everywhere.

L'ENVOI:

I'm taking Ethel for a ride,
Here's stationery and a chair,
You write 'em, friend, those undenied
Potential poems everywhere!

VERY MOVING PICTURES

A Denver dispatch quotes a famous detective as saying, "Most of the crimes committed to-day are the work of novices and boys who are influenced by melodramatic motion pictures."

STILETTO TOMMY, sometimes known as
Nick the Gizzard-slicer,
Once tried as Dave the Dip and once as Lou the
Loaded-dicer,
It's charged you burglarized this man and hit him
on the head,
And did a dozen other things," His Honor gravely
said.
Attorney for defense arose, a person debonair,
And offered these remarks the while he stroked the
prisoner's hair:

Very Moving Pictures

"He was the nicest gentleman
That I had ever seen
Until the time he saw a crime
Depicted on the screen.
A-stealing's not his business, sir,
'Tis just an avocation
That he acquired when movies fired
His young imagination!"

"There's something in your argument; release the man, attendant.
And now we'll hear the Pinto Kid. Well, what's your plea, defendant?
You're charged with robbing twenty banks and holding up a train.
These wretched improprieties I wish you would explain."
And when the Kid's attorney made the moving plea below
I knew the kindly magistrate would let the prisoner go:

"He learned it in the movies, sir,
The chap was minus malice

Very Moving Pictures

Till led astray the other day
In Blooey's movie palace.
'Twas poison to his gentle soul,
Temptation came a-leaping!
Ah, set him free, poor fellow; see
How tenderly he's weeping!"

"BEGIN THE DAY WITH A SMILE"

MY desk-mate Jones was known to smile
From morn till night—that was his style.
At five he wore the self-same grin
With which the day he would begin.
He smiled whatever might betide,
He even smiled when people died.
One day I says to Jones, says I,
"Jonesey, I'm not a grouchy guy,
I like to see a fellow smile,
But *you*—you do it all the while.
Doesn't your grinning ever end?
How can you keep it up, my friend?"
Says Jonesey then to me, says he,
"You think that life's all joy for me?
You think I grin because I'm happy?
You do? Then guess again, old chappie.
In magazines I daily read
How people smile—and then succeed.
They smile—and that is all there's to it.
And that's the reason why I do it.

"Begin the Day with a Smile"

By grinning ten or twenty days
I figure that I'll get a raise,
And if I keep it up, old dear,
I'll own the business in a year!"

THE INELUCTABLE LURE

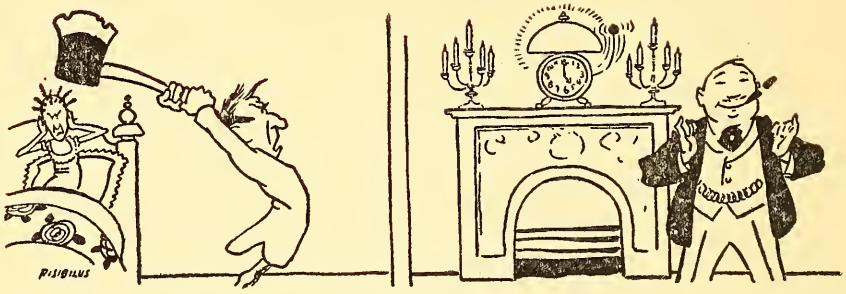
THE girl I wed, for aught I care,
May have a nose like Punch's.
She may have artificial hair
In big offensive bunches.

No ruby lips may be her boast,
No eyes that brightly shine,
She may be paler than a ghost,
Her voice may be a whine.

Her teeth may only number three,
She may be fat or thin,
But there will simply have to be
A dimple in her chin!

ANY LOVER TO HIS LASS

WHY do we osculate? What is the cause of it?
Who started kissing? And what are the laws
of it?
What is the meaning when lips come together?
Is it a sign that there's spring in the weather?
Is it a habit you learn from your mother?
Or is it a sign that we love one another?



THE NEW LUXURY

Alarm clocks included in luxury tax lists.—N. Y. Herald.

JOANNA, let me warn you that you'll wind up
your career
As my stenographer unless you come in early, dear.
I overlook your grammar and the way you punc-
tuate,
Though either one would warrant me in giving you
the gate.
Come, come, explain your tardiness,—and no pre-
varication."
The maiden brushed away a tear and said in
explanation:

"My father is a watchman and
My mother takes in wash.

The New Luxury

I spend on gum the little sum
You call my pay, begosh!
Alarum clocks are luxuries
Which we cannot afford,
And so I'm late and beg to state
I'd like a raise, me lord!"

The richest person on our block is Jeremiah Brown,
In fact, I've heard it whispered he's the richest man in town.
He's bought a big alarum clock on which the tax alone
Is ninety-seven cents, I hear; it gives the family tone.
They lord it over everyone as though they owned the city,
And caused this bard to grab a pen and write this little ditty:

Oh, hear it ring! A-ting-a-ling!
The Browns' alarum clock!
A sign of riches countless, which is
The envy of the block!

The New Luxury

They set it going morn and night
Their opulence to prove.
Ah, woe is me! It's plain that we
Shall have to pack and move!

A DRUG-STORE ROMANCE

I SUPPOSE on perusing my title you said,
"Romance in a pharmacy? Tut!
The prospect is bleak; why, one might as well seek
For romance in an Eskimo hut."

Now, if that's what you said,—I'm not saying you did—
But supposing you did, old dear,
It simply would show that you do not know
What happened in Sickle's last year.

And where is this Sickle's? On State, corner Elm.
You remember that druggist shop
With the window display showing bunions at bay,
And the ice cream announcement on top.

If you still do not know where the pharmacy is,
Let me say that the Davidson barn,
Painted purple and white, is a rod to the right,
And now I'll proceed with my yarn.

A Drug-Store Romance

One morning Lem Hackel, a clerk in the store,
Was brushing the counter, I think,
Or making some pills for to banish some ills,
Or preparing a strawberry drink,

When a maiden—her name was Lenora O'Shea—
Approached and announced, "I desire
A package or two of that wonderful new
O'Hillery's Face Beautifier."

Now, Lem had a dozen assortments in stock—
Rigardo's and Muller's and Brown's,
O'Reilly's and Winkle's, Mezetti's and Finkle's,
McFadden's, De Laney's and Towne's—

But he had no O'Hillery's (that was the best)
And fervently Lemuel swore,
For the chap was afraid if he told her, the maid
Wouldn't think very well of the store.

So, inspired, he tells her, "O'Hillery's? Sure!"
And adds (how the fellow was lying!)
"But I'd like to observe, if you won't deem it nerve,
That I don't think you need beautifying!"

A Drug-Store Romance

"Now, really!" Lenora exclaims with a smile,
"You surely can't mean what you say."
Lies Lemuel, "Ma'am, you're the prettiest lamb
I've encountered in many a day."

She throws him a kiss as she bids him farewell
And leaves with a song in her heart
To tell father and mother and sister and brother
Her scorn for cosmetical art.

A year has elapsed. And Lenora, poor maid,
Has discovered she isn't so pretty,
For she comes to the store, as she did once before,
For O'Hillery's. Gosh, what a pity

That Lem, who has finally put in a stock
Of this article, should have forgot
The occurrence last year! When he says to her
Here,"
And sells her a box on the spot,

She cries, "I perceive that last summer you fibbed
When you said I was fair as a rose
And didn't require your old beautifier,"
And, lo! she is tweaking his nose.

A Drug-Store Romance

Oh, Lemuel's small and Lenora is tall
And sinewy muscles are hers.
She boxes his ears till the fellow, in tears,
Cries, "Mercy!" and then it occurs

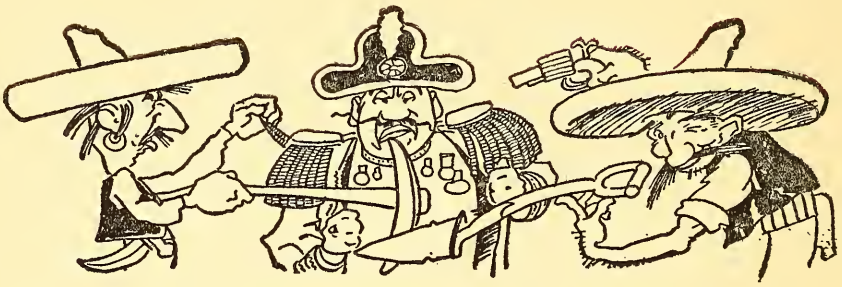
To Lem that a maiden as sturdy as this
Would make him an excellent spouse.
He muses, "She'd wash all the clothes and, begosh,
Do all of the work in the house!"

So he says to her, "Lady, I've fallen in love
With those sinewy muscles you own.
Stop beating my head and let's go and be wed!"
And into his arms she has flown!

" 'In strength there is beauty,' the poet observed,"
Says Lemuel then to his dear,
"And you're certainly strong, so unless I am wrong,
As a beauty you haven't a peer."

And soon they are married and Lemuel still
With his passion for beauty possessed
Bestows on his bride, with professional pride,
A case of O'Hillery's best!

And I hear, for good measure, he threw in a gross
Of Rigardo's and Muller's and Brown's,
O'Reilly's and Winkle's, Mezetti's and Finkle's,
McFadden's, De Laney's and Towne's!



OBREGON OPERA

Mexican generals lose their jobs. . . . Many discharged. . . . Given choice between farm ownership and good jobs in factories.—Headline.

WE used to have a general for every dozen men,
Which made our army beautiful, for naturally when
You have a gang of generals all standing in a line,
And each of 'em is gaily clad and all their buttons shine,
The spectacle delights the eye—and that is why we'd hire 'em,
But generals are luxuries and so we're going to fire 'em!

Obregon Opera

O General Fandango,
Take off your pretty pants!
Here's overalls! Your duty calls
You to the plow. Advance!
O General Piazza,
Remove that brilliant shirt!
You'll hardly need it planting seed
And digging in the dirt!

A hundred thousand generals a-standing in a row,
With ribbons on their bosoms, make a fascinating show.
And when they wear their medals, and the same are polished bright,
You'd have to travel many miles to see a finer sight.
But times have changed and Mexico's to be a thrifty nation,
And so our doughty generals are due for a vacation.

O General Bandanna,
The factory whistle blows!
So hock your dirk and go to work,
And doff your army clothes.

Obregon Opera

O General Siesta,
Ere long you're going to carry
A dinner pail and earn your kale,
Like Tom and Dick and Harry!

"A MANY YEARS AGO"

SAID my dad, "Be a lawyer, that's my suggestion,
The qualifications are your'n,
You've debated with me on every question
Ever since you were born."

"He'll do better than that," my mother objected,
"A banker he's going to be.
He saves all his pennies, I've lately detected;
He'll open a bank, I foresee."

High hopes did they have in those days when their sonny
Showed promise. O how they would gloat!
They thought he had brains and would make lots of money—
Alas! the young man is a pote.

PARADOXYGEN

(*Provoked by G. K. C.'s American Lecture Tour.*)

THE atmosphere is decidedly queer,
It's evident everywhere.
I'm not feeling well, and the reason: I smell
Paradoxygen in the air!

This rarefaction agrees with some,
But I, who am bourgeois, find
It hard as the deuce on the lungs—and a truce
I seek with the Chesterton mind!

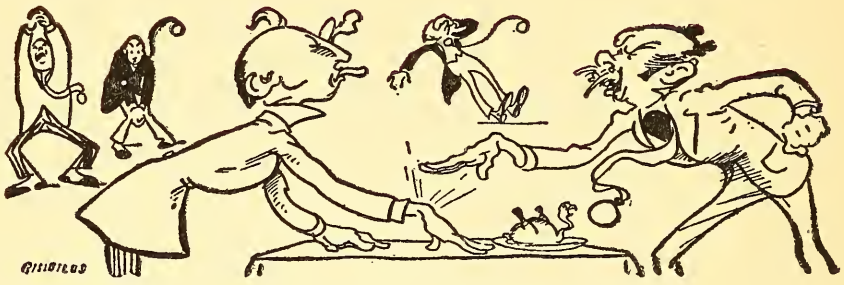
Oh, Gilbert, I know there are many who like
Your talks on "The Darkness of Light,"
"The Shortness of Length" and "The Weakness of Strength,"
And the one on "The Lowness of Height."

They tell me you're simply immense, old dear,
In that speech on "The Upness of Down,"
And I also have read that you're knocking 'em dead
In the one on "The Blueness of Brown."

Paradoxygen

My neighbor keeps telling me, "How I adore
His 'Legality of the Illicit,'
And I've also a liking intense for his striking
'Obscurity of the Explicit!' "

Yet I am unmoved. And the reason? Oh, well,
The same I intend to expound
Some evening next week, when I'm going to speak
On "The Shallowness of the Profound."



DUEL PERSONALITIES

Recently Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck challenged Sir Hamar Greenwood to mortal combat in the House of Commons. . . . Within the past few months there have been other challenges of a similar nature in England, but in each case it has not been difficult to persuade the disputants not to fight a duel.—News Item.

LORD ALEXANDER RUPERT ROCHE was
taking lunch one day
With his distinguished fellow-peer, the Earl of
Halloway.
Said Alexander Rupert Roche, "I think the pheas-
ant's great."
Said Halloway, "Not pheasant, boob. That's quail
upon your plate."
Said Roche, "I say it's pheasant, sir! How dare
you contradict me?"

Duel Personalities

Said H., "We'll fight it out and see; no man has ever licked me!"

Pistols and coffee at seven!
There's going to be a duel!
Someone is going to heaven!
(They say lords do, as a rule.)
When a breach cannot be mended
A peer must have his fling!
There's honor to be defended!
And honor is no small thing!

Scene: Dueling-ground. The lord and earl and followers appear,
The lord is rather shaky and the earl is acting queer.
Yet, though they do it timidly, each brandishes a gun,
And it begins to look as though there'll be a lot of fun,
When someone cries, "No Englishman should ever slay a brother!"
Whereat the lord and earl embrace and warble to each other:

"The gentleman is right,
I like his attitude,

Duel Personalities

It's incorrect to fight,
Improper, vulgar, rude.
We owe it to the nation
To be more dignified,
Think of the desolation
If one of us had died!"

WITHIN THE LAW

(After looking into Walker's Rhyming Dictionary)

I'D any day prefer to starve
Than have to live on quince preserve.

My righteous anger it provokes
To see folks read H. B. Wright's books.

They should not be allowed to vote
Who waste their time on such darned rot.

'Most anything I can endure,
But not the scrambled metaphor.

I often used to buy a pint
Of beer my innards to anoint.

* * * * * * * *

How dare one use such rhymes? . . . Oh, well,
Walker says they're allowable!

THE MIRAGE OF THE PURCHASE PRICE

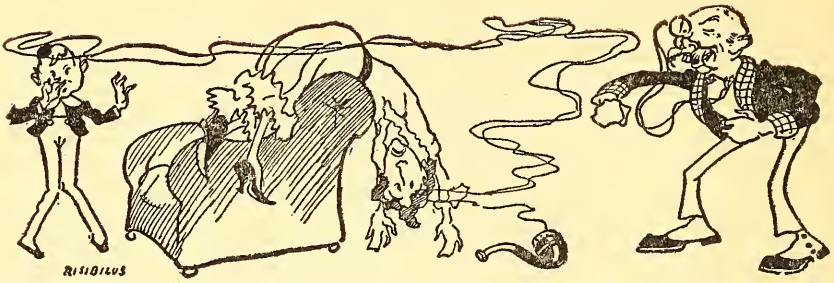
WHEN I was very little I
Received each week or so
A quarter from my dad to buy
A ticket for a show.

The quarter bought a gallery seat
Away up near the beams,
Whence I would gaze at the elite
And wrap myself in dreams

Of days when I, a grown-up lad,
Should slap a dollar down
And get the best seat to be had
In all the merry town.

After ten years of worldly strife
I've managed to fulfil
My dollar dream, but—such is life!—
I'm in the gallery still.

And when I'm able to shell out
Four dollars for a chair,
I haven't got a single doubt
I'll still be 'way up there.



A PIPE FOR MILADY

English society women smoke pipes.—News Item.

COME, Arabella, and fill the bowl!—
The bowl of my pipe, old dear—
And puff away the livelong day
Like the wife of a British peer!

Oh, do not be an old-fashioned girl,
Away with that cigarette!
A pipe for you! And you'll smoke it too!
I'll make you a lady yet!

That pipe of mine has an odor, dear,
As doubtless you have found,
But I'll make you a present of one that is pleasant
When your birthday rolls around.

A Pipe for Milady

Do you wish a stem that is straight or
curved?
Shall it be a meerschaum, pray?
Or do you desire a little French briar,
Or one that is made of clay?

Oh, a perfectly stunning tobacco pouch
You shall knit for yourself, my own,
With trimmings of blue and of scarlet too
That I promise will give you tone.

And we'll go to smokers, my pretty one,
And fill the air with a haze,
And puff together in fair and foul weather
The rest of our mortal days!

THE SOUR CYNIC TO HIS LOVE

ALTHOUGH you're pretty as can be,
I sing not of your charms, my love;
Your splendid generosity,
Sweet fay, is what I warble of.

Try as I may, I can't compound
A simple that would express
Appropriately my profound,
Immeasurable gratefulness.

Your kindness tears me all to bits;
Accept my hereby given thank.
Since you deserted me for Fritz
I'm putting money in the bank.

"PARSIFAL"

AT one the curtain rises,
And then till half past five
The singers sing, the rafters ring,
And then you—well, revive.

Great stuff—but, oh, so endless!—
Proving, unless I'm wrong,
The fellow knew his business who
Observed that art is long.

VITAL STATISTICS

Girl vote clerk town terror. Since election she knows ages of all women in her neighborhood.—Headline.

I AM the village ballot-clerk, my name is Tessie Brown,
I hardly need remark that I'm the terror of the town.
I know the age of Adaline, of Sue and Elinor,
(The latter claims she's twenty-three, I *know* she's thirty-four.)
And since a girl can do some good with all this information,
I'm starting Brown's Emporium of Age Investigation!

Oh, learn your sweetheart's age,
And save yourself some sorrow!

Vital Statistics

For all you know your dashing Flo
Is forty-six to-morrow!
Oh, come and sample Brown's
Perfection Brand Statistics!
They're guaranteed! You do not need
Those fortune-telling mystics!

Statistics given while you wait, and prices very fair,
If you can't call, we send a man to see you anywhere.
All consultations confidential, she won't know you called.
(I hardly need remark that if she did she'd be appalled.)
'Phone for appointment right away, we've got a private wire,
And make it doubly certain that the maid's your heart's desire!

To-day a gal of fifty
Resembles twenty-two, sir.
Cosmetic art may win your heart,
Investigate your Sue, sir!
She may be sixty-five
For all her rosy tintage,
So come to-day without delay
And learn the maiden's vintage!

ADVICE TO THE WICKED

STOP a minute, ribald dancers,
Shimmying to hours late;
Harken, all ye wanton prancers,
Hear this poetizer prate.

Have you in your mad gyrations
Thought of all the time ye waste?
Thought of aught but hesitations,
Thought of hours you've erased?

Have you ever, crazy dippers,
Thought of Hades and the Styx?
Know ye that for midnight trippers
Meeds of Higher Kinds are nix?

Know ye hours spent in wooing
Terpsy till the night is done
Might be better spent in doing
Pomes immortal, like this one?

SONG

FOR years I've been trying to get up a scheme
For suppressing the hard-lucky wight,—
The fellow who has a perpetual stream
Of sorrowful tales to recite.

And I wish to announce I've discovered a plan
That is sure to bring sufferers bliss.
And the same is quite simple: as soon as your man
Commences, salute him with this:

CHORUS:

If you me your troubles you're gonna hear mine,—
I warn you before you begin.
You're not the one bird with a crick in the spine,
Nor the one guy who's pocketbook's thin!

Your trousers, you tell me, are worn at the knee?
Why, look at the patches in mine!
And, say, if you tell all your troubles to me
You can bet that you're gonna hear mine!

BACCHANAL

Great deposit of hootchite or hootchspar, a mineral rock containing a large percentage of alcohol, found in Nevada. —Mining and Scientific Press.

I MET a man the other day
  Licking a piece of rock.
Said I, "What are you doing, pray?
  You puzzle me, old sock."
He licked that rock until I thought
  It soon would melted be,
Then whispered, "Hush! I may be caught,
  This rock is boozy, see?"

And when he'd finished with that stone,
  He took another piece,

Bacchanal

And as a puppy licks a bone,
  He licked without surcease,
And shouted, "Merry days ahead!"
  And handed me a chunk,
And slapped me on the back and said,
  "Let's you and I get drunk!"

Upon his back he had a sack
  Of rocks of every sort,
And some were Scotch and some were
    gin,
  And some were beer and port.
"Hurray!" he cried, "for nature's gift!
  While other mortals weep
Who have no means of getting spiffed,
  We'll rock ourselves asleep!"

CRITICISM

I QUITE agree with you," says Jinks,
"That Gilbert's funny as can be,
But how can anyone who thinks
Waste time on such buffoonery?"

"O. Henry? Yes. I like him well,
His stories never want for tang;
But nearly anyone will tell
You that he uses too much slang."

"You're right," he'll say, "his stuff's not bad,"
When Old Bill Shakespeare's cause I plead;
"Although you must admit," he'll add,
"That parts of him aren't fit to read."

* * * * * * * *

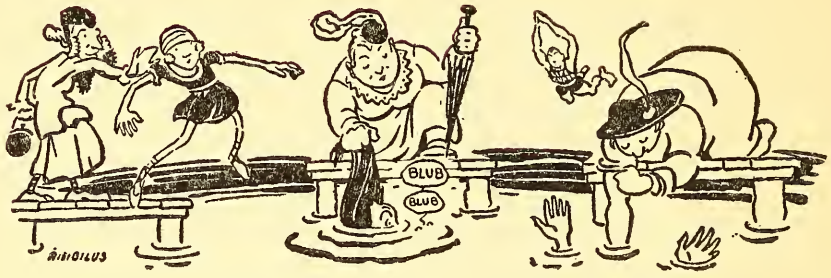
Whene'er there's talk of Jinks, and my
Opinion is solicited,
I say, "He's quite a decent guy,
Although there's nothing in his head."

RONDEAU FOR ARGUERS

SOMEBODY'S wrong. Who can it be?
The trouble lies with you or me.
That much I know, and would I knew
Whether *I* err or whether *you*
When we agree to disagree.

My arguments you cannot see,
And I—I shout excitedly,
"You're wrong—you know it!—through
and through!" . . .
Somebody's wrong.

We argue. Why? Because it's free?
No. Don't we lose our time when we
Stand cussing till the air is blue?
What prompts us then? Search me! I *do*
Know this: When all is s. and d.,
SOMEBODY'S wrong.



NURSERY RHYME

A bath a day keeps the doctor away.—N. Y. Sun.

I

MOTHER, may I go in the swim?"
"You may, my darling daughter;
Don't stand upon the ocean's brim,
But plunge into the water."
"Mother, the water's very chill."
"Suppose it is, my dearie?
A bath to-day will save a bill
From Dr. Hiram Leery!"

II

"Mother, may I go in to bathe?"
"You may, my precious Emma."

"The breakers toss, the sharks are cross,
I'm in a great dilemma."
"Be unafraid, my pretty one,"
And in the sea she knocked her!
"A bath a day will keep away
That profiteering doctor!"

III

"Mother, may I go in to wash?"
"You may, my sweetest daughter,
Yes, any time, my darling; I'm
An advocate of water."
"Mother, there's lobsters in the sea."
"Then watch 'em, love, be stealthy,"
And ducked the miss and chuckled, "This
Is going to keep you healthy!"

THE UNSUCCESSFUL TROUT-ANGLER

I'VE got the kind of bamboo pole
That anyone would prize,
And there is not a bloomin' soul
Who's more, and better, flies.

I've got an automatic reel
That—well, it can't be beat;
A dozen leaders and a creel,
A line on which I'm sweet;

I've even boots, a landing-net
And O. Smith's book of rules,
Preferring to be deep in debt
Than minus needed tools.

Despite which trappings, and some more,
No trout's been in my net—
Which isn't so surprising, for
I ain't been fishing yet!

THE INDOMITABLE BARD

THE fashioning of verses
When the nation is at war
Is a crime that earns me curses,
Yet I keep on writing, for
The people who denounce me as we prime ourselves for battle
Cussed my verses just as roundly ere the drums began to rattle.

BALLADE OF AN ANCIENT BROMIDE

"When spring and young love meet, then the birds sing."
—From "The Freelands," by John Galsworthy.

THE platitudes are not
  All made by Harold Wright,
Full many the giants plot
  Upon the lofty height
  Where J. G. in his might
Says birdies sing, "Tweet! tweet!"
  (A pleasant picture, quite)
When spring and first love meet.

Nor is the thing a blot
  Upon his 'scutcheon bright,
He's only saying what
  Most authors, great or slight,
  Say when they must indite
Some observations sweet
  Anent the moment trite
When spring and first love meet.

Ballade of an Ancient Bromide

What else to say? A lot
  Worse did "the sunbeams light
With golden shafts the spot"
  Or "flowers their joy recite
  By dancing day and night."
(Why tire their little feet?)
  Pity the author's plight
When spring and first love meet!

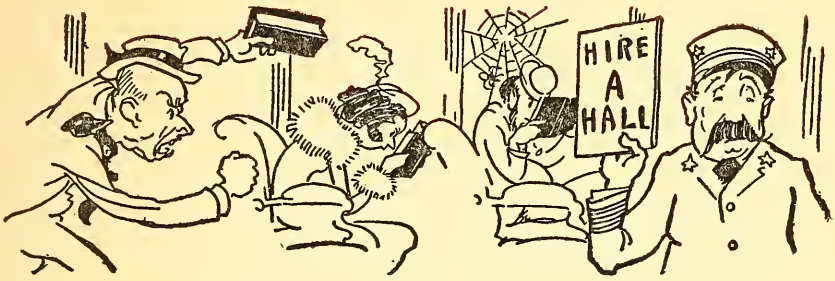
L'ENVOI

  Oh, once I used to fight,
Now undismayed I greet
  The old bromidic flight
When spring and first love meet.

A RECRUITING STORY

THE Recruitin' Sergean' he did say,
"How tall be you?" Says I, "Six-four;
I know because the other day
I measured my length upon the floor."

"Too big," says Sergean' with a sigh,
"The trench your size ain't yet been foun'."
"That ain't no hindrance," then says I,
"Why can't I marry and settle down?"



HOW IT HAPPENS

Readers on trains provoke conductors. Bookworms ride past their stations, then blame conductors.—News Item.

O'NEILL has seized her by the
throat,
She screams . . . to no avail.
He flings her in the waiting boat,
And down the stream they sail.
He gloats, 'You're cooked, my pretty
one!' " . . .
I'm filled with indignation,—
Not over what O'Neill has done—
I've passed my station!

" 'Your love no thrill in me awakes,
I'm seeking for romance;

How It Happens

I'll never wed a man who makes
  His living pressing pants.'
He hangs his head and heaves a sigh,
  Then cries in aggravation,
'You little snob!' " . . . *Conductor, I*
  Have passed my station!

"Midnight. The sky is black as pitch.
  A struggle . . . then some cries,
And at the bottom of a ditch
  Poor murdered Hector lies.
Oh, was the culprit's aim to rob,
  Or was the motivation . . .?" . . .
Conductor, you're not on the job,
  I've passed my station!

BARRACK DITTY

THE barrack is cold, the fire is low,
Who's gonna get the coal?
The sky is gray and it looks like snow,
Who's gonna get the coal?
The sergeant says, "Let the corp'ral go,"
The corp'ral heatedly answers, "No!"
And so
The private is chased for the coal.

JEANNETTE MALONE AND PRIVATE GREEN

(Camp Merritt Song)

JEANNETTE MALONE picked up the 'phone
To spoon with Private Green,
A soldier lad who boldly had
Deceived this little queen.

To win the lass he tried to pass
As a lieutenant—so
When Miss Malone picked up the 'phone
And whispered soft and low:

"Put on the wire my heart's desire,
His name's Lieutenant Green,"
The answer came: "Don't know the name;
But, lady, if you mean

"A private, well, I'm glad to tell
You that I know the sinner;
But sorry, gal, can't call your pal—
He's cooking the captain's dinner."

EDUCATING ROYALTY

Yankee teaches duke dice game. Royalty snubs erring nobleman.—News Item.

THE Prince of Aramanda is a-shooting craps one day
With Edward Alfred Algernon, the Earl of Citronella.
"Seven to five I roll an eight!" exclaims the Prince of A.
When Adolph, King of All the Realm, a very strict old fellah,
Comes trotting by on Suzerain, his celebrated steed,
And, jumping off the same, emits a horrified, "Indeed!"

"Forgive us!" plead the prince and earl,
"We know how this must hurt you.
A Yankee lad with habits bad
And no idea of virtue,
Taught us the game, he claims it is
His country's national sport.
We'll quit it, though, for gambling's low;
Don't banish us from court!"

"Ah, ha! you plead for mercy," cries the angry Adolph then.
"Well, gentlemen, I needn't say I've got you in my power,
And I intend to treat you as I treat all wicked men.
Oh, Keeper of the Prison, put these villains in the Tower!"
And in the Tower he puts 'em—yet they like it very well,
For no one's there to hear 'em as they roll the bones and yell:

"I'm shooting ten." "All right, I'll fade.
Say, what's your point?" "A five!"
"Well, two to one it can't be done!
Come, roll 'em! Act alive!"

Educating Royalty

"A five! I win! Now shoot the roll!
I win again, old scout!
I'll say that's neat. If I repeat
I'll buy the kingdom out!"

SONG OF THE WIDE OPEN PLACES

(Lament)

SING me a song of the wide open places,
Chant me a lay of the road,
Memories bringing of lovable faces,
Hovey and Carman—an ode
Full of the joy of the wandering aimless
Poets for ages have done,
Stevenson, Masefield—and some who are fameless.
Sing it in stanzas that run
Over the tongue with the grace of a ditty
Gilbert, in form, might have penned—
Happy-go-lucky, ecstatic and witty—
Then, ere your power you spend,

Sing me a song of the wide open places,
Chant me a lay of the road—
Houses, if any, where lager still graces
Bars in the vanishing mode.
Ho! for the wide open places where Burton
Heartens the blistery throat,

Song of the Wide Open Places

Phantom cafés where undrawn is the curtain,
Visions that only a pote
Sees in his dreams when the summer sun chases
Joy and a fellow perspires,
Singing in vain of the wide open places
In tune with the saddest of lyres.

THE BARD WRITES A PRACTICAL RONDEAU AFTER LEAVING THE ARMY

IT is a job when one has spent
A twelvemonth as an army gent
To write a poem full of fizz.
(What gems I used to write to Liz!)
My muse a change has underwent.

(My grammar too.) There's quite a dent
In both. And I shan't rest content
Until they're mended, though, gee whiz,
It is a job

To do a come-back. If my bent
For o. f. lyric merriment
Would but return! My muse has riz
Against all fluff. It's growing biz-
Nesslike. Its theme, friend? (This you scent!)
It is—a job!

BALLADE OF A SORROWFUL SINGER

SAD are my days as ne'er before,
Great is the grief that visits me,
Mortal has never suffered more,
My *raison d'être* has ceased to be.
Before I plunge into the sea
I offer prayers to Heaven above—
(May they be granted speedily!)
'Tis summer and I'm not in love!

Jimmy has copped an Eleanor,
Artie a Grace (a pippin, she!)
Charlie a Sue with tresses *d'or*,
(To gaze at her is to holler "Whee!")
Bill has an Edna on his knee,
Davie, I hear, boasts a "Follies" dove,
But I alone must sip my tea—
'Tis summer and I'm not in love!

I weep for the kissful days of yore
When I was a lover sorrow-free,
The days, f'rinst, of the well known war

Ballade of a Sorrowful Singer

When D—— and I sat 'neath a tree,
I reading my latest japery
In the camp's gay sheet, she thinking of
Flowers for her bard . . . Return, fair
D——!
'Tis summer and I'm not in love!

L'ENVOI

I'm sad as Bill Hohenzollern. Gee,
I'd welcome a tap from Dempsey's glove;
This cheerless life I yearn to flee,
'Tis summer and I'm not in love!

BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME

Woman is barber shop talker now. Milady, getting her hair bobbed, out-talks tonsorial artist.—News Item.

SCENE: fashionable barber shop.
Enter milady, who
Desires to lose her precious crop
Of tresses. "How-de-do,"
The barber greets her, "Hair-cut, miss?"
"What then—a shave?" says she,
"Barbers, I've heard, are talky; this
Is proof enough for me!

"Be careful how you bob my hair;
Remember that, good sir.

Beaten at His Own Game

I don't want everyone to stare,
  And say, 'Just look at her!'
Done right I think it's nice, don't you?
  It makes a maiden chic.
And anyhow it's something new,
  Let dad and mother kick.

"Goodness! The scissors tickle so!
  Yes, that is better; thanks.
Ouch! I believe you cut me! No?
  Aren't we women cranks!
Brush off those particles, they itch.
  Brush harder! How they cling!
O that is fine!" . . . *Aside from which*
  She didn't say a thing!

THE STORY OF DANNY O'DOONE

I'M going to tell you the fanciful tale
  Of Motorman Danny O'Doone,
Who took out his trolley and journeyed, by golly,
  The distance from here to the moon.

Some say that he rode to the sun, not the moon,
  Some people contend it was Mars,
And others declare with a knowing air
  That he landed on one of the stars.

I even have heard it observed (and by folks
  Whose opinions I've cause to respect)
That he's journeying still and eternally will,
  Providing his car isn't wrecked.

There are versions and versions, and mine's not the
      task
  Of this one or that one espousing,
But of telling the tale of a motorman hale,
  And how he went trolley-carousing.

The Story of Danny O'Doone

Oh, Danny O'Doone was the rarest of chaps,
A gay little dreamer of dreams,
With a shock of red hair and of blue eyes a pair,
And a headful of whimsical schemes.

A passion for travel had Danny, he yearned
For a chance to envisage the things
That he'd read of for years, like Arabians, peers,
The pyramids, ostriches, kings;

And mountains all covered with snow at the top,
And the rivers they tell of in maps;
And the faraway lands of the tropical bands
Where the hunter the tiger entraps.

And a thousand and one other marvelous things
That only a dreamer can think of,
And often he'd say, "There is coming a day
When those wonders I'm going to drink of."

Each time that he'd ride to the end of the line,
At the country before him he'd gaze,
With despair in his eyes, till one morning he cries,
"A plague on these colorless days!"

And opens the throttle as wide as she'd go
Till he's shooting through space like a shell,

And with power divine past the end of the line
He zips to the tune of this yell:

"Oh, trolley la la for a wanderer's life!
For a life that is merry and free!
Who'd laugh and be jolly and chase melancholy,
Come trolley la la-ing with me!"

The trolley was empty, excepting for Jim—
Jim Black the conductor—and he
Joined Dan in the song, being equally strong
For a bit of a rollicking spree.

"Oh, Jimmy," says Dan, "we're escaping the world,
And all of the problems that vex,
And we'll have heaps of fun (though it's likely that one
Of these days we'll be breaking our necks.)

"Don't you think it is fair that this fun we should share
With mortals who peace would secure?
Philosophical folk who are harassed and broke,
Let's offer to take on our tour!"

And they put out a sign: ALL PHILOSOPHERS, HEAR!

WE OFFER A PROJECT SUBLIME!
TO ELYSIUM THE KEY, IN THE FORM OF A FREE
EXCURSION THROUGH *TRACKLESS* TIME!

And soon there are passengers getting aboard—
A poet a-strumming his lyre,
A butcher, a sailor, a grocer, a tailor,
A plumber, a hosiery buyer,—

And others who proved that they'd been through the mill,
And had found this existence too solemn,
And yearned to embark on a bit of a lark
Ere gracing the obit. column.

And soon they are singing, "Oh, trolley la la
For a life minus worry and fuss!
Who'd laugh and be jolly and chase melancholy,
Come trolley la la-ing with us!"

And again they are bounding along at a pace
That is certainly sixty an hour;
And now they're in Spain or Japan or Lorraine,
Or skipping past London Tower.

How'd they travel the seas? At the bottom thereof
There are cables, dear reader, there are!
Which they rode on in bliss—and I might say that this
Was the start of the cable-car!

They thrived on this life and most corpulent grew;
Yes, even the skinny and slight,
Which proves, as I hear was remarked by a seer,
That travel is broadening, quite.

And for ages and ages they sped through the world,
Till bored with terrestrial things,
They heavenward pointed and joined the anointed,
Then weary of angels and wings,

They hopped to the sun, from the sun to the moon,
(A wandering crew you'll allow).
A planet a day was their schedule; they may
Be in lands Betelgeusean now!

And I'm sure they are singing, "Oh, trolley la la
For a life minus worry and fuss!
Who'd laugh and be jolly and chase melancholy,
Come trolley la la-ing with us!"

NEW CURE!

Physical shock cured headache.—N. Y. Sun.

MY head was athrobbing to beat the band,
And feeling aweary and sick,
I went to the doc and I cried, "Old sock,
A couple of pellets quick!"
"Oh, pills are old-fashioned, the method I use
Is better," the medico spoke,
And hit me a lick with a hickory stick,
And I hadn't a pain—till I woke!

I called on the Doolins not long ago,
I'll never forget that day.
His missus and Pat had a bit of a spat,
And once, at the height of the fray,

New Cure!

As the missus hit Pat with a ponderous vase,
She said, "You are greatly mistaken
If you think that I do it to hurt you; I threw it
A-thinkin' your head might be achin'!"

Old Perkins was troubled with headaches for years,
His case was a pitiful one;
His pains would abide though the gentleman tried
Every remedy under the sun.
But to-day he has nary a pain nor an ache,
No more has he reason to chafe;
A neighbor assured me the fellow was cured
The day he was hit by a safe!

A NEW YEAR CARD

ANOTHER year! Again the din
Of crowds atooting horns of tin,
Again confetti in the air
And bells aringing everywhere,
As once again the months begin.

Again the jokes—they're growing thin—
On resolutions not to sin.
Let's laugh, as though we thought
them rare,
Another year! . . .

Here, friends, acquaintances and kin,—
A New Year rondeau—and my fin!
I know the poem's only fair,
Next year a good one I'll prepare.
I'll be a better poet in
Another year!

TOMEVILLE ANTHOLOGY

PUBLISHER'S ANTE-ROOM

THERE'S a fellow outside with a volume of pomes,
(The title, I think, is 'The Beautiful Gnomes'),
He says it's the best of poetical tomes."
"I'll see him next Christmas," the publisher said.

"There's a gentleman waiting to tell you about
A novel of his, which without any doubt
(So he says), will make critics with happiness shout."
"Oh, tell him I'm ill or in prison—or dead."

"There's also a lady who's just come away
From Russia; she says that the Reds are at bay,
And she's willing to write it at so much a day."
"I've just left for Portugal, China and Mars."

"And then there's a bookseller—looks like a gink—
From somewhere out West; Indiana, I think.
I'll tell him you're out buying authors a drink."
"A bookseller? In with him! Boy, the cigars!"

THE PUBLISHER

SPEAK kindly of the publisher,
Cease aiming jabs and hooks.
He spends his days devising ways
Of landing worthy books.

And granting that he spends his nights
Coralling lesser writers,
And stoops at times to make some dimes
By peddling books by blighters,

Like Charlie Cheer and Jennie Joy,
And other slushy Biddies,
Remember, please, that books like these
Support the Wife and Kiddies!

A blessing on his graying head!
Speak gently as he passes,
Whose job it is (O thankless biz!)
To please all shades and classes.

THE AUTHOR (1)

(As some readers see him)

IT'S nice to be an author
And sit and smoke a pipe,
And nothing do the seasons through
But type and type and type.

And have your picture printed
In papers everywhere,
And when you pass, hear lad and lass
Shout, "That's him over there!"

And daily open letters
Containing wads of pelf,
And live on steak. Some day I'll take
The business up myself.

THE AUTHOR (2)

(As he frequently sees himself)

MY neighbor is a lucky chap,
His livelihood is plumbing.
At five clock (O perfect snap!)
I see him homeward coming.
His work is done, I'm never through,
To-night I'll ruminate
Until eleven on what to do
With Jones in Chapter Eight.

And then there's Joe, the butcher-boy,
Who lives across the alley,
And nightly knows the boundless joy
Of calling on his Sally.
While Joe, a free man, woos his gal,
I sit and dope a way
Of making it seem logical
For Brown to shoot O'Shea.

Ah, would that I had had the wit
To listen to my dad,

The Author

Who—(well do I remember it!)—
  Said, "Learn a trade, my lad."
Ah, then perhaps my work would stop
  At five or six o'clock,
And I'd be free as any cop
  Or tailor on the block.

THE BEWILDERED MANUSCRIPT READER

OH, there are many, many times
When I am puzzled quite.
Now, here I have a book of rhymes
That seem to be all right.
The author is a likely poet,
Though certain things displease.
I think I'll hedge. But how? I
know! *"It*
Has possibilities!"

And here's a novel—rather good;
But is it good enough?
Search me! There is a likelihood
That I shall have to bluff.
I'll say—and what could be politer,
Or easier to distill,
Than a report like this: *"The writer*
Is not without some skill!"

ORLANDO SCONCE, THE CHILD AUTHOR

AT eleven Orlando his first volume penned,
Entitled "*The Growing Karl Marxian Trend*,"
An opus you'll like from beginning to end,
It's so brimful of knowledge.

O wonderful thing! Here's a slip of a boy
Who's able the weightiest terms to employ,
His polysyllabical work you'll enjoy
(If you've been to a college.)

While other—and less cerebelle-lettred—brats
Are tossing their baseballs and wielding their bats,
He sits giving Plato or Emerson rats—
Or indorsing 'em, maybe.

Orlando's a child I should like to adopt,
(I'd kidnap the lad, but, alas! I'd be stopped)
And see that inside of a well he was dropped,
The scholarly baby!

TO AN EDITOR

TAKE it from me, dear sir, if thou but knew-
Est with what pious zeal I worship you,
(I should say "thee," but "thee" and "you" don't
mate)
I make so bold as to asseverate
That stuff of mine thou'dst ne'er again taboo.

And this affection, sir, is honest, true;
Aye, true as that the well-known sky is blue
Or that the thoughts are few in Bryan's pate—
Take it from me. . . .

Most mighty master, I have penned a beau-
Tifully rippling rondeau, such as few,
Except, perhaps, old Austin might create,
And that thou better understandst how great
My love for thee I shall permit thee to
Take it from me!

TRUE MEMOIRS

THESE memoirs," the notice declares,
"Are truthful as memoirs can be;
The author (V. Racity) swears
The book from deception is free.
No coloring here, not a jot;
No gullery, clever and bold;
No tricks that the charlatans plot—
Aye, only the truth has been told."

Oh, I am a stickler for truth,
I frequently tell it, I do;
It's an excellent habit, forsooth,
And I venture *you* practise it, *too*
(On occasion). But, oh, in a book
Beguilement is all I desire,
And I wear a much happier look
When the author's a rattling good liar!

THE POET AROUSED

THE hat that I had bought that very day
Some villain pilfered while I sat and lunched;
"Which means the writing of another lay,"
Thought I, as angrily my teeth I crunched.
And then and there I sat me down to write
A poem that would buy another hat,
And, summoning all my poetic might
(Of which there's plenty, let me tell you that),
Composed a lyric with a lilting strain
That Editor Bill Perkins promptly bought,
Showing that in the poet's desp'rate brain
His power lies. And ever since I've thought,
Ah, me! What gems I'd fashion if by chance
I lost my overcoat or, say, my pants.

A CONTEST

TEN poets send me verses," said Louise,
"Or is it twenty? (I've forgotten which.)
And all these Pegasuspirations please,
Making it difficult for me to hitch
My cart to any one of you. The lines *you* sent
Last week were sprightly but no better than
The ones I got from Mills and Scott and Trent.
The quality's the same. I therefore plan
A test of quantity. Each man his quills
Shall keep propelling for a fortnight. He
Whose verse the largest stack of paper fills
Shall have my hand in marriage." . . . Woe is me!
Writing a dozen poems every minute,
A free verse poet won. I wasn't in it.

THE LIE IS PASSED

WHENCE comes the myth that poets do not eat?
Who manufactured the atrocious lie?
The fabricator I should like to meet
And ask the wretch how he can justify
His statements. Only yesterday I ate.
This month, not once, but half a dozen times
In gilded cafeterias I've sate
(Oh, there are editors that buy my rhymes),
Partaking, while the player-piano played
The latest rag, of food as caloried
As any man's. O mock not at my trade!
False is the ancient jest, O false, indeed!
Why, this was written, yes, this very lay,
In Max's Busy Bee the other day.

EPITAPH FOR A DESERVING LADY

SHE never wrote a book,
She wasn't literary.
She stayed an honest cook,
She never wrote a book,
Contented not to look
Beyond the culinary.
She never wrote a book!
She wasn't literary!

SONNETS OF A BOOK REVIEWER

I

HUMOROUS essays, by Leander Scott.
Essays at humor one might call 'em too.
Three hundred drowsy pages, but why not?
If sleepy, pleasantly so. My review—
And this is only fair—shall praise the thing.
There are two kinds of sleepy books, the ones
By fourth-rate realists that nightmares bring,
And those that pleasant sleep induce—by sons,
Innocuous sons, of good old Charlie Lamb,
Like this Leander Scott. If doze I must,
Let me doze sweetly; worshipful I am
Of him who knows that it is only just
To lull The Gentle Reader painlessly.
Leander, you are good enough for me!

II

Come for a walk down Melancholy Lane,
Where someone dies in Squalor every hour.
Oh, meet the Grand Viziers of Strife and Pain,
Who write with what is classified as Power.
I'll introduce you to the dwellers all,
From Jeremiah Grim, who wrote "The Bum"
To Mollie Murk whose "Sound the Trumpet Call!"
Exposes evils in an eastside slum.
Nothing escapes this gentry wideawake,
They know that life's no picnic, yes, they do.
They've just discovered Poverty; they'll make
Other discoveries before they're through,
  Including this: that novelized despair
  Is bad at Pollyanna. . . . Give me air!

III

"Anthology of Modern Verse," compiled
By Roger Canto. Roger, you are brave.
Your guerdon shall be this: by fifty wild
Unmentioned bards you shall be branded knave,
(Including me; you might have run a few
Of my pentameters, they're not so worse.)
He who anthologizes (job to rue!)
More trouble gathers than he gathers verse.
If ever I become anthologist
I'll mention everybody, good or bad.
I shall not take the chance of being hissed,
Poets are dangerous persons when they're mad.
"All Comers' Manual of Verse" I'll dub it,
And though *you* may, I'm sure the bards won't snub it.

IV

Tell me, O traveler, where have you been?
What is the land you write about to-day?
What island paradise? What fair demesne?
What tropical Elysium far away?
Whate'er it be, write on! Write on, I beg!
Tell me about the nose-ringed girls and all,
Who promenade the forests bare of leg,
(Showing that styles are universal.) Call
To mind the natural beauties: streams and hills
That shame the Occident. And tell of beasts
That must have chased you and provided thrills.
Tell of the tribal dances and the priests.
Tell all, in fact! I am not one to say,
"Tut! Saw it in the movies t'other day."

V

"How to Develop Personality,"
By Tad Tobasco, author of "Success,"
"Keep Smiling, Brother!" "Be a Busy Bee,"
And ten or twenty others, more or less.
A personality, the author tells,
May be achieved by all. Despair not, then.
Acquire a snappy hand-shake. That's what sells
Your wares. Be breezy in your talk with men,
And never fail to slap 'em on the back.
Keep your teeth clean and show 'em when you smile.
(Five minutes' practice daily gives the knack.)
Stand straight, walk gingerly and dress in style.
And in no time you'll be a sprightly lad,
As trig as any in a collar ad.

VI

Suggestive sexy stuff enveloped in
A mist of mysticism. Little sly
Approaches to the garbage can. How thin
This slobber that Bohemians glorify!
Author, what is your aim? To entertain?
It can't be that. The stuff is far too dull.
To teach the unsophisticated brain
Sex hygiene or eugenics? They might cull
Some information on these topics if
You'd be explicit, but you only hint,
And hinting merely leaves a fetid whiff.
My guess: you like to play Bad Boy in print,
You're catering to the natural desire
Of every little boy to play with fire.

VII

Another small-town novel showing that
The burgher is a poor benighted sort,
Needful of rescuing. His talk is flat.
The latest movie, how to cure a wart,
Or baseball, is his topic. It is time
We started a crusade to save his soul
That wallows all these years in lowbrow slime.
You give him Einstein lessons, I'll cajole
Him into an appreciation of
Good poetry. (I'll read him some of mine.)
All kinds of learning down his throat we'll shove,
Until he is no longer dull, supine,
  Until he knows as much as you or I
  And people take him for a City Guy.

VIII

A new detective story, "Dirty Work,"
By Clarence Clue. A banker, Oscar Tuck,
One morning dead was found. A bloody dirk
Was in his gizzard. Someone must have stuck
It there, is my deduction. Yes, but who?
Was it the butler James or Tom the cook?
It's rather difficult to say. I do
Know this: somebody went and took
The victim's famous Purple Amethyst.
It must have been the man who killed him. Sure!
And who was this assassin? I know. Hist!
The man who copped the gem! It's logic pure.
There's not a mystery, however thick,
We critics cannot guess—and bloomin' quick!

IX

I wonder what I'll draw to-day. I hope
The editor remembers this is spring
And gives me nothing full of highbrow dope.
I want a book of pomes with birds a-wing
And blossoms blossoming and bees a-humming,
And all the other silly details. I
Insist not that it be inspired strumming.
Tunes by a member of the smaller fry
Will suit me nicely, so they tinkle well.
Oh, sound is all I'm asking, pleasant sound,
I'll even stand for rhymes like "bell" and "dell."
(Sweeter the better.) Can the book be found?
I thought I saw one like it on the shelf.
It's gone. . . . Ye ed.'s reviewing it himself!

ATONEMENT

(After reading an essay on the nobility of labor)

OH, there are buildings waiting to be reared,
And there are highways waiting to be laid,
And new-built vessels waiting to be steered,
And farm tools waiting to be handled—spade
And hoe and harrow. Oh, the things that wait
For eager hands! And here I sit the while,
Making this tinkly word and that one mate,
Adding and adding to the pointless pile,
Stacking up verses till the flooring groans,
Triolets, villanelles, ballades and odes,
Light-hearted roundelays and plaintive moans,
Free verse, rhymed verse—a dozen wagonloads.

Oh, how atone for wasting all this time?
No use to go to work, I don't know how.
(We poets never could get used to grime).
Yet will I make atonement—here and now. . . .

Boy, bring the matches! Pile the poems higher!
We'll fill the city with poetic fire!

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